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Throw Out the Vile Gangs.

An appeal to European working men.
For the "International Socialist"
By K. N. PEPPER.

Tune—"Throw Out the Life-line."

Throw out the vile gangs that rule you to-day,
Jingos who "sool" you, like bloodhounds, to slay
Other robbed brothers. Oh! workers, then dare
To throw out the vile gangs—your brothers
To spare!

1st Chorus—

Throw out the vile gangs,
The Armament Gangs,
Brutal descendants of Cain!
Throw out the vile gangs,
The patriot gangs,
Don't let them "sool" you again!!

Throw out the vile gangs of plunder and wrong!
Why have you waited, my brothers, so long?
Millions are dying, oh hasten—be bold
To throw out the War Trust that murders for gold!!

(Repeat 1st Chorus.)

Throw out the War Gangs that traffic in lives—
That conscript you men from your children
and wives—
Murder for profit with guns that they sell—
Blast workers to fragments—their spirits to hell!

2nd Chorus—

Throw out the War Gangs
The murderous gangs
Think of the millions they've slain!
Throw out the War Gangs
The patriot gangs
Workers! don't die for their gain!!

Throw out the vile gangs of parsons who preach
Doctrines of warfare that Christ did not teach—
War Trust shareholders—their pockets they fill,
And urge you fool workers your brothers to kill!

3rd Chorus—

Throw out the vile gangs
The hypocrite gangs:
Jesus has perished in vain
Throw out the vile gangs,
The renegade gangs,
Don't be deluded again!!

Throw out the vile gangs that make you their slaves—
Keep you in fear from your cots to your graves
Emperors, dukes and "superior" drones,
And princes and lords, and your kings on their thrones.

4th Chorus—

Throw out the vile gangs
The arrogant gangs,
Living at ease by your pain!
Throw out the vile gangs,
The parasite gangs,
Don't let them rule you again!!!

Throw out the old lie that "workers are foes!"
Tollers are friendly wherever one goes;
Workers will help you wherever you roam,
But this is the truth that your foes are at home!

5th Chorus—

Throw out the old lie—
The ruling-class lie—
Give it no room in your brain;
Throw out the black lie, the infamous lie!
Don't you believe it again!!

The Passing Show.

"Cease to gnaw that crust. There is ripe fruit over your head."—Thoreau.

Do not take your rules of conduct from your foes and exploiters.

The men of old said "Thou shalt not steal." The coming generation of workers will say, "Thou shalt not steal from me."

Henry Ford has sent out a wireless message saying that after he has quelled the war he is determined to end industrial war. American capitalists are highly indignant.

Senator Pearce, Minister of Defence, has announced that in view of the attitude of Mr. Ford—now on the water on a peace mission—towards the Allies' war loan in the United States, he has issued instructions not to purchase any more Ford motor cars for defence use.

If it is true that Ford's cars are the best, how is Senator Pearce helping the Allies by boycotting the best and purchasing inferior cars?

A Sydney "Daily Telegraph" correspon-



Master-class Patriotism Middle-class Patriotism Working-class Patriotism

dent (10/12/15), asks, "Is Sincerity Dead?" We don't think it is, but there is a vast amount of bluff current in patriotic circles.

The "Go Slow" philosophy appears to have permeated the G.P.O. of Sydney. Last week it took seven days to deliver this paper at the office of "Direct Action" about 150 yards distant, and "Direct Action" reached this office a week after being posted.

Lieutenant F. A. Chaffey, a member of N.S.W. State Parliament, has enlisted. He says the State Parliament "is one of the biggest farces a man could have anything to do with." He has decided to go to the front, where things are a bit more tragic.

At a recruiting meeting in Newcastle (11/12/15), the Mayor, Ald. Kilgour, said he was not in favor of conscription. "There was, however," he said, "a number of young fellows who, he was prepared to say, ought to be 'shanghaied,' because they were no use here. Fellows who would not work should be made go and fight for their country. Only the other day he was travelling in a tram, when one of those shirkers got in and sat opposite a 'pal.' The latter remarked, 'Where are you working now?' The other said nothing for a while, but grinned, and then said, 'Workin'; I don't work while the old man's got his job.' That's the sort of fellow," said the Mayor, amidst applause, "who should be dragged out and made fight."

The young fellows were probably pulling the Mayor's leg, but seeing the way young men are being turned out of their jobs, which are filled by their fathers—the Mayor's kick about their refusal to work doesn't land on any vulnerable spot.

Prime Minister Hughes has estimated that the war cost to the Commonwealth will be something over 50 millions next year—about a million a week. "Little Billy" will have to be a very much disguised Labor man to get this amount from his rich uncles in London.

The Bread Carters' and Operative Bakers' Unions of Sydney are opposing the State Labor Party's proposal to nationalise the bread industry. Curious point in this is that nationalisation and the enlargement of the sphere of the State as an employer of labor is a prominent feature of the Labor Platform, and one which has been firmly believed in for many years. The repudiation of the Platform and the old ideal augurs no good for the politicians, who are really aiming at a servile state, while pretending that it is Socialism they are after.

The cabled report of the German Chancellor's speech last week formed interesting reading. One thing in it stood boldly out, namely, the way the big fellows have set the Balkan States fighting by promising them slices of each others' territory.

J. A. Hobson, the well-known writer on economics, addressing a meeting at Glasgow recently, said that some years ago he and some friends attempted to form a "Foreign Policy Committee" to discuss questions of foreign policy, but the project had to be abandoned as a dozen members of Parliament "could not be induced to interest themselves in foreign policy."

Writing in the "Bible Advocate" (Oct. 8), Mr. W. Marshall, a missionary with the forces in France, says: "We had a debate on conscription last Friday night, and, taking a vote at the end of the meeting, I was astounded at the great majority against it. These men are loyal enough. They have left wives, homes, and situations, and they are prepared to give their lives, but they will never submit to the despotism of a military government."

This tallies with the views of many returned soldiers. They were very jingoistic before they arrived at the front, but a sojourn in the trenches and a taste of war and military discipline effected a cure, and they are now dead against militarism and conscription.

In all the wars of the last quarter of a century we can trace the work of the great financial houses. . . . The reason for modern wars is always competition for markets and the right to exploit nations and tribes that are backward in industrialism.—Prince Kropotkin.

"Vorwärts" reports that the Select Committee of the Social Democratic Party in Frankfurt-on-the-Maine has, without consulting the General Committee or the members, adopted a resolution supporting the attitude of the majority of the Reichstag group. In three districts of Frankfurt, however, meetings have been held and resolutions passed disapproving of the committee's action and expressing approval of the attitude of Haase, Kautsky, and Bernstein. The General Committee has now adopted a rule forbidding the holding of meetings to discuss Party policy without its consent!

"I notice that at many of the memorial meetings to Mr. Keir Hardie, his favourite song, 'Annie Laurie,' was sung. I once asked Mr. Hardie why he so loved this song, and he told me that it was because of its connection with the tragedy of the Chicago martyrs. The wife of one of the men condemned to death—Parsons—was refused permission to see him by the Governor of the prison, but before she left she heard her husband singing the first verse of this song. She stayed to listen, and as his voice died away on the concluding note she began to sing the second verse. He heard her, and when the third verse was reached his voice joined hers and they sang to the end together. It is characteristic of Hardie that out of the treasures of Scottish song such an incident as this should have decided his favourite."—Onlooker in "The Labor Leader."

Lord Headley, presiding at a luncheon in connection with the Bakery and Confectionery Trades Exhibition in London, stated frankly that after the war "the British workman would have to consent to work for somewhat lower wages than hitherto." There is no ambiguity about that statement. It means that the workers will have to work for less wages, not that the masters will have to be satisfied with less profit. It means that hundreds of thousands, who before the war were earning about a pound a week, will have to work for less, and that the twelve millions who were always in want will have their number augmented by millions more. It means that Lord Headley and his class believe that the worker is really fighting to make his position worse than it has been, that he, in fact, fighting

for lower wages and a lower standard of living

English papers announce the death of G. W. Foote, editor of the "Freethinker." He was probably the ablest journalist which the movement in Britain has produced, and many British papers have printed kindly worded notices of his death. The "Daily Mail" published a sketch of his career with a portrait, as did the "Daily Mirror." The "Daily Chronicle," after referring to him as "a scholar of ripe judgment and wide learning," added, "there have been, in recent years, few men of such uncompromising honesty and candor of character; few men whose public utterances seemed anti-Christian to the point of intolerance, yet whose private actions were so tolerant, generous, and free from malice and personal ambition." G. W. Foote was a keen critic, a polished satirist, and a sound reasoner.

Archdeacon Paterson Smith says that Death is the "good angel of God," but, "what if we are rich and believe that there are red-hot poker and baths of liquid fire prepared for us in the next world."

Rev. S. W. Hughes says he cannot believe that God is neutral in this war. Mr. Hughes is not alone in this. Every one of the nations engaged believes he is on its side.

When the war is over those who win will say, "There now! What did we tell you?" And there will be a rush to the churches to thank God for helping to secure the victory.

English newspapers are making a fuss about the Earl of Charmonot working at a munition factory for 25/- a week. Why not? After the war we hope to see many more titled people in the workshops.

A newspaper paragraph states that Lord Spencer has sold a Rembrandt painting for £35,000. We may be sure that the party who paid that sum never had to earn it.

According to the "Sunday Pictorial," King George has about 40 suits of clothes, and 400 British and foreign uniforms in readiness for use. Presumably, the uniforms are for use when the war is over.

Miss Marie Corelli, the novelist, has been giving her views of the war an airing. She considers the war a "visitation" of God, due to some of the nations questioning the very existence of the Deity, and allowing Atheists and Materialists to dominate their literature and govern their press. Miss Corelli evidently rejects the notion that the Deity is a "God of Love."

In the course of an anniversary sermon, preached in connection with foreign missions, the Rev. Dr. Kelman said that "foreign missions were based upon the ground of sheer necessity." Whose necessity we are not told, but the Doctor probably means that it is necessary to convert the colored heathen. If so, he has overlooked the fact that the present war has demonstrated that the Christian whites are more dangerous to civilisation than the colored races are.

Since the Kaiser has been on the throne it has been estimated that his subjects have suffered 30,000 years imprisonment for venturing to criticise him, and the system for which he stands. Socialists have had a large share of this punishment.

"Christian England" won't stand practical Christianity. A schoolmaster of Haywood, Harold Pugmire, believes that Jesus meant it when he said, "Resist not evil," and advised his followers to turn the other cheek when one was smitten. Consequently, he declined, as a Christian to fill up the National Register or assist fighting in any way. Result—a Christian magistrate fined him £5, and regretted that he was unable to send him to prison.

"It is impossible," says Hilaire Belloc, "to maintain illusions—religious or political, under the strain of war." Yes, the war has smashed some cherished illusions. People no longer believe that preparation for war ensures peace; that war is morally uplifting; and that the nations are fighting to keep small States going. All the fundamental ideas that urge nations to make war have been proved illusory.

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La carrière ouverte aux talents (the tools to him that can handle them), which is our ultimate Political Evangel, wherein alone can liberty lie.
—Carlyle.

Mr. Hughes and Unionists

The attitude of Brisbane unionists towards Mr. Hughes's recruiting scheme has provoked much caustic comment and criticism—especially in the quarter that is usually opposed to unionism and all its ways.

Such criticism and caustic comment were to be expected from the capitalist press, but when Prime Minister Hughes added his denunciation his old friends in the labor camp were doubtless very much surprised.

Mr. Hughes has always posed as the friend of labor. The political platform upon which he climbed to power puts the interests of the workers above all others, and he and other leaders have always taught their followers to regard their class interests as of first importance. For over twenty years they have been assiduously denouncing the greed and exploiting proclivities of the Liberals and the employing class generally, and to a great extent this teaching has always been very effective. Their pupils have been rather apt, and today they are more alert and better able to see through the motives and proposals of those whom they have come to know as their class enemies.

For this educational work, Mr. Hughes deserves much credit, and we cheerfully accord him all the honor that is his due. He has helped to make the workers more class-conscious than they were, and for this he deserves some gratitude. But while we accord Mr. Hughes the thanks that are his due, we are still free to differ from him when we think he is wrong, and in the conflict with the Brisbane unionists we don't think he has a leg to stand on.

The workers in Brisbane as well as in other parts have noticed that since the war commenced there has been a persistent agitation for conscription. This has been mainly carried on by the recognised enemies of labor, who have denounced workers who did not enlist as "slackers" and "shirkers." While these gentry were demanding the lives of the workers, they saw to it that the prices of food and clothing went up, and also that any cash they lent the Government carried interest at the rate of 4½ per cent. with exemption from income tax. From this workers concluded that the exploiting class was determined that the working class should make the sacrifices, while their masters made the profits.

This, of course, did not encourage the growth of what is called "patriotism" in the minds of the workers, and when Mr. Hughes jettisoned the Referendum, and came along with the passport system and a demand for fifty thousand more recruits it seemed as if he had joined the enemy and abandoned his labor friends.

The present attitude of Mr. Hughes is a reversal of all his old-time professions. In justification, he says the circumstances

are exceptional, the "Empire is in flames," and the present Commonwealth Government is "pledged to carry on the war." No doubt this is true, but why is the Empire in flames? And to whom is the Commonwealth Government pledged? Despite the talk about crushing Prussianism, and preserving small states, there is much evidence that the war is at bottom one for commercial interests. There is also some evidence that secret diplomacy set the flames alight. The Government, Mr. Hughes says, possesses information that fully warrants any step that may be deemed necessary, but there will be no persecution. But there is persecution. Men have been jailed for opposing the war, and they are prevented from leaving the country without a passport. Mr. Hughes's actions speak louder than words. His actions contradict his professions.

Newcastle Slums.

DISGRACEFUL CONDITIONS.

It will come as a surprise to thousands of people that the back yards and overcrowded conditions of houses are a disgrace to the civilisation of Newcastle and suburbs. Not only are three and four families living in one house, but the conditions of living are such that they are no better than the overcrowded conditions of slummiery one finds in many of the cities of England.

That is the verdict of Mr. C. C. Reade, of the Garden Cities and Town Planning Association, and formed, he says, after a careful study of Newcastle and its environs.

He instances the outbreak of smallpox, and said that in other parts of the State people thought Newcastle was full of smallpox, and consequently much harm was being done to the reputation of the city as a whole.

Mr. Reade also refers to the establishment of Walsh Island works and the steel works, employing between 2500 and 3000 men. Yet, he says, not a single public effort has been made to provide for the housing of those people. Consequently there was a growth in the demand for houses, rents were being forced up, and overcrowding, with its unnameable ills, had followed.

The indictment was given expression to in a lecture presided over by the Mayor of Newcastle, and those who know the city and district will agree that Mr. Reade's strictures are not a whit exaggerated. The "Empire is in flames" the Prime Minister tells us, and the owners of the Newcastle slums are calling upon the slum dwellers to give their lives to put the flames out. What we would like to ask Mr. Hughes is "What will fighting in Europe do to remedy the disgraceful conditions of Australian cities?" Suppose we succeed in crushing Prussian militarism, will we not still have the owners of the slums to deal with?

Upton Sinclair vs. Robert Blatchford

Upton Sinclair, the Socialist who is known to the world through his book, "The Jungle," has been answering Robert Blatchford and his frenzied demand for the complete defeat and utter humiliation of Germany, thus:

"Blatchford says that Germany must be so crushed and held down that she would never again be able to fight. I say that in the first place that cannot be done. No modern people can be so crushed. The case of France since 1871 proves it. No people can be so held down. I say that if England were to attempt it, it would result in the destroying of every trace of Democracy in England, and therefore of every reason why civilisation supports England instead of Prussia at the present time.

"I say that it is the duty of Socialists, in every word they write about the war, to keep in mind the fundamental truth which is the basis of all Socialist thinking, that there is a difference in every nation between the people and their rulers, that the vices of the rulers are not necessarily the vices of the people; and that even when the people support the rulers they do it because they have been lied to and their truth-tellers imprisoned or destroyed.

"I say that at this time the duty of every Socialist is to be calling out to the Socialists of Germany, pointing out to them the difference between their true and better spirit and the spirit of the bloody-handed savages who have brought this madness upon the world, pointing it out to them from their own history, from the utterances of their own great leaders, from the present judgment of neutral Socialists.

"Robert Blatchford is not writing in that way. He admits my contention that he is not writing as a Socialist, and says that he is writing as a man, and as an Englishman. I will add that he seems to me to be writ-

Keir Hardie: A Tribute.

By G. Bernard Shaw.

There is, I feel sure, a very general feeling of relief in the House of Commons and in the Labour Party now that Keir Hardie's body lies mouldering in the grave. I wish I could revive their dread of him by adding that his soul goes marching on; but I do not feel so sure about that; he seems for the moment to have taken it with him. However, the House of Commons is a less scandalous place now that he is not there. When Keir Hardie rose to ask questions, there was only one thing for the front bench to do, and that was to lie—lie impudently, snobbishly, spitefully, Pecksnifianly, Tartuffily, in the face of records that littered the earth and facts that blotted out the sky, until at last we asked whether, if the Government could not produce a gentleman to stand up to a real man it could not at least produce a respectable liar, a brazen, thundering liar, a liar with convictions and a purpose, a creature with some strength of evil in him to test the strength of good in his challenger. Now that Hardie is gone, the lying will be of the natural House of Commons type: placid, confident, dignified, the liar breathing an atmosphere of general approval, and feeling nothing but an agreeable sensation of good taste.

I really do not see what Hardie could do but die. Could we have expected him to hang on and sit there among the poor slaves who imagined themselves Socialists until the touchstone of war found them out and exposed them for what they are? What was there in common between him and the men who are so heroically determined to resist conscription that they declare that nothing short of Lord Kitchener's telling them that it is necessary will induce them to embrace it? Of what use to him were the Republicans who will not obey the King unless he orders them to? To Hardie it seemed natural that when a minister had been a lazy, ignorant failure in every department he had been tried in, he should be discarded as incapable. To most of our Labour members, as to the front bench, it seems natural that the Prime Minister's first duty it to find the gentleman another job, and that when the very first measure he brings forward in his new place contains provisions so ridiculous that they are laughed out of existence before they have been debated, he should be not only taken seriously, but be applauded in terms that would be rather overdone if applied to Turgot or Adam Smith. Hardie actually thought it quite a serious matter that the Government should imprison Labour leaders under ancient Mutiny Acts; suppress Labour papers; refuse to fix minimum wages on pretexts fifty years out of date; commit the country to war behind the back of the House of Commons; sell the Liberal Party to the Opposition by a secret treaty; deprive the country of its constitutional safeguard against corruption and conspiracy by arbitrarily abolishing the obligation on its accomplices to submit themselves for re-election on accepting office; and, in the face of the protests against the secret incubation of the war, again go behind the back of the Commons to make a treaty depriving us of the power to make peace without the unanimous consent of Russia and France. Hardie, aghast, said: "Are you Democrats? Will you stand this?" They replied, "Oh, for God's sake, shut up. Don't you know that we are at war? It is a time for Democracy, and truth telling, and Liberty, and Socialism, and all that platform tosh! Can't you wait until the war's over? Then you can twaddle again as much as you like to catch votes for us." And Mr. Asquith smiled imperturbably and said, "My friend, they will stand anything; and the more I give them to stand, the more loudly they will cheer me."

And as Mr. Asquith was quite right, and (not being a Keir Hardie) sees no alternative to governing fools according to their folly, what could Keir Hardie do but turn heavenward and admit that his kingdom was not of this world? He could hardly be expected to live for the sake of MacDonald and Bruce Glasier and a few other brainy Scots, or for Mr. Ponsonby's tiny band of sound old Victorian Liberals, or for an Irishman or two here and there, or for the French brains of Mr. Morel or the German culture of Mr. Norman Angell, or even for his beloved

Welsh constituents. What were they against the massive multitude of the English workers, with their superstitious dread of clear thinking, and their ingrained hatred of Democracy, rooted deep in the knowledge that they are not fit for it, and need kind masters to save them from cunning rogues? It was nothing to Hardie that our Junkers and exploiters, with their retinue of professional politicians, should snatch at the war as a pretext for destroying all the liberties won by three hundred years of struggle. He expected that. But that the workers themselves—the Labour Party he had so painfully dragged into existence—should snatch still more eagerly at the war to surrender those liberties and escape back into servility, crying: "You may trust your masters; they will treat you well," loud enough to deafen those to whom Sir Frederick Milner was protesting that some of our heroes were being shamefully left in the lurch; this was what broke the will to live in Keir Hardie.

He was too old to wait for a new generation. Better let them kill him, and be a sort of Banquo's ghost on the Labour benches until his spiritual posterity comes to its own.

Hardie could never, like MacDonald, have mastered the art of manipulating the House of Commons. He often got half a dozen votes when he could easily have got a formidable minority or even a majority, because he worded his amendments in such a way that, if they had been carried, the Cabinet would have had to walk out of the House of Commons, and even out of political life. Hardie's function in the House came at last to be like the function of the crucifix in a French Court of Justice. If the figure in the French Court could talk, it would make the court as uncomfortable as Hardie made the House; and all the smartest barristers would say it ought to be shot. And, like the honourable members who so freely said that about Hardie, they would be quite right—from their own point of view.

Personally, I owe Hardie a debt which I shall now never be able to pay. When my "Common Sense About the War" appeared, he wrote to me in terms that, in their generosity, cordiality, and intimacy, went so far beyond anything that had occurred in our previous relations (always quite friendly) that I put off answering his letter until I could find time to do so adequately. He died before I carried out my intention. I mention the circumstances because it disposes of the cackle about Hardie being a pro-German. No pro-German could have stood my "Common Sense." Everything that honest and humane men wish to defeat, discredit, and destroy in Germany, Hardie wished to defeat, discredit and destroy there; and he proved his sincerity by spending his life in trying to defeat, discredit, and destroy them here also. He was not the man to shout oaths and abuse at foreign enemies of the people whilst diligently polishing the boots of domestic ones. When history puts all the boots on the right legs, the stupendous impudence of the cry of "unpatriotic" levelled at a man who had devoted his life to the service of his country, by people to whom patriotism was such a novelty that they could do nothing but get into everybody's way with their idiotic fussings, and provide a golden harvest for swindlers with their mania for subscribing to something, will be apparent.

Hardie took the war seriously in the face of a House of Commons that had lost all power of taking anything seriously except keeping its parties in power and sharing the official spoils. He had not in him a trace of that easy-going cynical humour which enables the clever man of the governing class to say with a laugh, "My dear fellow, of course the House of Commons can't take care of the war; and a good job, too. The House of Commons has never been able to take care of any war. Wars take care of themselves; the combatants have to see to that; and, after all, I don't suppose the muddling and jobbing and delaying of the House increase the mortality more than 5 or 6 per cent. all round. Leave it to the General Staff; they will work it out because they must." Such an attitude was impossible to Hardie, who knew very well that the General Staff would work it out on reckless assumptions that human life was of no value, and that the treasury was in exhaustible. The war now presents a definite arithmetical problem. To keep up the tornadoes of bombardment, by which alone an advance can be made, must require an ascertainable number of munition workers for each artillery, because no single munition worker can possibly make shells as fast as a single ar-

ing as a man and an Englishman who has been distracted by the sight of suffering, and has lost temporarily his vision of a world set free by the overthrow of predatory ruling castes.

"If this war has done nothing else, it has surely gone far towards shattering the comfortable fiction of a merciful deity controlling human affairs."—"English Review."

Savage and Civilized Man.

By WOODICUS.

When the sentiments of men will emanate from reason instead of reason from sentiment. When the superman of coming ages compares society in its many phases of development from communism to capitalism, the latter may be looked upon as one of insincerity, fraud and delusion, more particularly its boasted advancement in culture and humanitarian principles over the firstnamed savagery. Savagery, its people, institutions and methods, is genuine in its naked realism. No savage imposes on his fellows. On sitting down to eat he calls aloud three times lest someone nearby should be hungry, for he is prepared to share his food as his canoe and weapons with his fellows, who never apologise to him when they take and use them in his absence. Unknown to them are the words of mine and thine, and as Kropotkin shows in "Mutual Aid" the life of the savage is one of tranquility, whilst nature in bountiful in supplying his daily needs. But when nature becomes exhausted he becomes warlike and invades with arms the territory of the neighbouring tribe or nation. Circumstances arouse him from peace to action, from an earthly saint to a hellish demon, knowing no mercy to the foe, for conquest means massacre or subjection to the conquerors. So all fight to keep the enemy out of the country, or to acquire new means of subsistence. This, as we shall see, is a contrast to the wars of civilisation. For the enemy of civilised people are as great within the nation as without.

In the early days of the Kalgoolie gold fields, a war broke out between two native tribes, a battle of boomerangs, nulla nullas, spears and stone tomahawks raged unceasingly for a week, resulting in one man being wounded. This was the war of the unintelligent black. Fourteen thousand men were shot down in four hours at the landing on Gallipoli. Such is the war of the intelligent white. But then this is a war of honour; it is to uphold the sacred neutrality of small nations; it is to avenge the violation of the weak that we of the British Empire are in the war. So wail our social, criminal and rascally ignoramuses, the parsons, plute editors, diplomats and politicians. For the action of Germany in taking over Belgium against her wish was dastardly and calls for revenge. If that is so, what is the action of Britain in attempting to hand Cyprus over to Grecian rule, whilst it would make but little difference to the people of Cyprus whether they are ruled by a British autocracy or any other kind of despotism. In days when we are incessantly having drummed into our ears that there are no class divisions in the Empire, and that the British people as a whole own the British Empire. Why were not the people of Cyprus asked if they were willing to relinquish British rule for that of Greece? Why were not the people of the British Empire asked if they were willing to lose Cyprus? But the gang of international thieves politely known as British statesmen, who one day shed sham tears of sorrow about the neutrality of Belgium, and on the morrow, violated the neutrality of Greece at Salonika know quite well that with the exception of the school children, but few of Britain's subjects

tillerist can fire them. Other factors are the distance to be covered, the length of front that must advance across it, the time required per mile of advance, the vital expenditure in casualties, and so on. To hear Germans and Englishmen talking of crushing each other's country, and Premier romancing about fighting to the last drop of blood, and Generals venturing obvious guesses about the duration of the war, without a pretence of having faced this calculation; and to see Government on whose shoulders the responsibility for it rested having so little intellectual capacity or industry that it could not produce even a Budget that was not silly and inconsiderate, was appalling to a man like Hardie, just because he was thinking of the fate of his country and of Europe, and not indulging the passions of a schoolboy, nor manoeuvring for a party opening, nor qualifying for birthday honours. Let us hear no more about Hardie's lack of patriotism; he had more patriotism in his little finger than the Government and its flatterers in all their bodies.

And he had one splendid consolation to end with. His Welsh miners stood to their guns and beat their worst enemies of England who want Englishmen to be brought up on less than three-and-tence per day per family, when so many others let themselves be out-faced by fools and knaves into throwing their children's bread into the maw of Mars.

know the boundaries or the territories of the British Empire, much less cursing or having a say in the ownership of the English dominions. Our boasts of freedom to-day will not stand criticism, for slavery and traffic in human flesh has not decreased but increased in magnitude, the only difference being that the slave auctioneer has extended his business into more elegant, commodious quarters, relinquishing the crude old auction block of the slave market with clanking chains, fear haunted faces, black skins and broken hearts for a plush seat in the gilded halls of government, where business is carried on more in harmony with giant machine production and big dividends. The old chattel slave auctioneer of Rome or the Southern States of America, in selling slaves one at a time was mere amateur compared to the diplomats of capitalism, who sell whole nations of the working class. We have seen Italy remain neutral in this war until the Allied forces offered her a higher price than Germany. Thus the autocracy of Italy has sold the flower of the Italian people with all the gusto and rant about civilisation to the highest bidder. At this moment Greece is peddling her humanity, calling aloud to the nations "I have an army of thousands of disciplined workers whose bodies you may use. How much for them?" and the nations are bidding. Such is the modern way of selling human wares in the markets of the world, where empires buy human flesh with as little compassion as housewives buy butchers' meat.

An autocracy or minority that can declare war or hand over territory to other nations as they like are not likely to be disposed towards considering the common people in their deliberations of peace.

Some months ago, the American papers told us that 67,000 English troops were quartered in Ireland to keep the Irish in submission. India is in revolt and thousands of white troops are necessary to uphold British rule. The Hindoo and the Irish are discontented because their conditions are bad.

In all civilised lands there has been built up a system of working-class organisation, an army organised not to resist the invasion of an alien foe, but to fight against the enemy within the country, who is ever ready to increase the hours of labor and reduce the amount of pay.

As I write the newsboys are crying out that 11,000 iron moulders in the city are on strike for increased wages and conditions, meaning that these men have no say in the ownership of the industries they work, a few individuals having the power of deciding whether these men and their dependents shall live or starve. Whenever I purchase a tin or package of edibles, biscuits, meat, fruit, milk, etc., I observe stamped on it "Guaranteed under the Pure Foods Act," an Act initiated to protect the people against a gang of human poisoners, who are always ready to sacrifice somebody else's life for the jingle of a few coins. The same crowd that are now crying for adult conscription, because, to use their own words, those who cannot be profitably employed at home can be sent to the front, whilst the pious patriots of the Melbourne City Council debate and squabble about the compulsory widening of streets to a minimum of thirty feet. Rumbling past my window go butchers' carts laden with meat, killed under supervision at the city abattoirs. This procession reminds me of another. One of the ghoulissh coffins, hearses, premature corpses of yesterday, little fat, prosperous parsons and kind doctors with big bank books, headed by a big fat butcher, bellowing in protest of being deprived of the right to fill cemeteries, by filling people with diseased meat.

Every morning the paper relates incidents of where milk vendors are being fined for diluting milk with as much as 40 per cent. of water, and this makes me ponder over the small number of children who die, impaled on German bayonets, compared to those who are slowly starved to death by adulterated food. Death soon soothes the few moments of agony following a bayonet stab, years of mental torture and bodily wasting and pain stretches between the grave and an illnourished childhood.

As I reflect over these varied facts and incidents of civilisation I cannot help thinking that heroes are synonymous with scoundrels, and scoundrels identical with heroes. The more I meditate on civilisation and savagery the more firmly I believe savage people war to keep the enemy out of the country, whilst civilised people wage war to keep the enemy in the country.

Unregulated machine production of goods and under-consumption of these

The Atrocity-Mongers.

Of course it is only the Germans who commit atrocities. At least, the daily press says so sometimes definitely, other times by implication. It is good for them that the working class, as a rule, are indifferent to their own interests as a class and to their treatment both past and present. Behold how Asquith "the assassin of Featherstone," and Lloyd George, whose headline regulation sent two ships with their crews to the bottom of the sea, weep crocodile tears over the victims of German invasion in Belgium. Forgotten is the massacre of working men at Featherstone, at Belfast, at Llanelly and elsewhere. Not to be behind in the procession, France is also shocked, and even Russia finds time amidst her manifold worries over Germans and nihilists to wrap a slice of onion in her handkerchief so as to simulate grief when speaking about the woes of Belgium. A man who has spent some years in China, tells me that in that country it is customary to employ professional mourners to march before a funeral and utter dismal howls, betokening sorrow and anguish for the loss of the departed dead, who is being consigned to his or her last resting-place. In these days of attenuated finance and superlative economy, would it not be more economical to employ Mongolian professional mourners rather than highly paid statesmen. They would be much cheaper and equally as sincere. When Nurse Cavell was shot for what the Americans, in the days of negro slavery, called an "underground railroad," whereby British, French and Belgian soldiers were smuggled through the German lines, the onion was again applied and the symbol of grief welled forth in copious showers. We were told no other nation would shoot a woman under any circumstances. Shades of the massacred women of the Paris Commune of 1871, some of whom, when lying mortally wounded on the streets of Paris, had their entrails kicked by the dainty feet of women of the upper class. The capitalist "hero" on that occasion was the Marquis of Gallifet, described at the time of his death a few years ago, as a "Famous French Fighter," "Friend of King Edward" and "Great loss to France." Here is an account from the London "Daily News" of 8th June, 1871, reprinted by "Socialist Standard" of August, 1909, of the march of this conquering hero or Butcher of the Commune alias French Hun. It reads: "The column of prisoners halted in the Avenue Ulrich, and was drawn up four deep on the footway facing to the road. General the Marquis de Gallifet and his staff . . . dismounted and commenced an inspection from the left of the line. Walking down slowly and eyeing the ranks, the General stopped here and there tapping a man on the shoulder or beckoning him out from the rear ranks. In most cases, without further parley, the individual thus selected was marched out into the centre of the road, where a small supplementary column was thus soon formed. . . . It was evident that there was considerable room for error. A mounted officer pointed out to General

goods by the people is the basis of capitalist civilisation. Capitalist civilisation as it spreads over the world places the people of different nations on the same footing, making their cause an international one, which will some day make the whole of humanity displace their present form of government by the democratic control of industry. North, South, East and West, in every clime, amidst the olive and vine leaves of Southern Europe, the cinnamon groves or tea-fields of the Orient, where the midnight sun and the Aurora Borealis, blending with the ice crags, make a silent fairyland of the North, where the Musselmans cry the praise of Allah as the sun dips, or the Roman Catholic priests extol the miseries of purgatory to the ignorant poor of the Mediterranean and piles the bones of the dead peons outside the catacombs of Mexico in order to terrorise other peons into paying their last and only coin in rent for the resting place of parent, friend or ancestor, on the Rand of Africa with its ten years' harvest of 100,000 miners' graves, where women sweat over the chain making hearths of Cradley Heath, and the cotton spinners of Lancashire and Massachusetts, with flying bobbins, weave fine clothes for the rich and grave sheets for themselves, wherever the crown of jewels of monarchy are but the crystallised sweat of the poor. In such places, such conditions will melt the Occident into the Orient and the Orient into the Occident, producing a people who will swear allegiance, not to any nationality, State, king or prince, but to humanity. To such a people the industrial democracy will be born, and shall be christened Socialism.

WOODICUS.

Gallifet a man and a woman for some particular offence. The woman, rushing out of the ranks, threw herself on her knees and with outstretched arms protested her innocence in passionate terms. The General waited for a pause, and then, with most impassive face and unmoved demeanour, said: "Madame, I have visited every theatre in Paris; your acting will have no effect on me." Over a hundred being thus chosen, a firing party told off, and the column resumed its march leaving them behind. A few minutes afterwards a dropping fire in our rear commenced and continued for over a quarter of an hour. It was the execution of these summarily convicted wretches." Have the Germans done anything more brutal than the foregoing. A few months ago we read in the daily news of a mother and daughter being shot as spies by the French in Alsace; and London "Daily Mirror," of 26th July, contains the account of two men and one woman being bound to stakes and shot by French soldiers at Dunkirk. The woman was accused of having "incited" the men to commit crime. A few years ago the British Press used to give detailed accounts of the horrible treatment meted out to both male and female political prisoners in Russia. But these women of the Commune and the Russian Revolution made the mistake of trying to better working class conditions an unpardonable crime. It is property, not humanity, that counts. When the ruling class deplores the destruction of property they are sincere, but they should abstain from expressing humanitarian sentiments—it does not become them. Common decency would suggest the appointment of professional mourners.

F. SUTHERLAND.

Slums in Goulburn.

A Goulburn Comrade writes:

One does not need to spend a great deal of time in this town to be impressed with the signs of capitalism at work, and the dominance of rent, interest and profit. This is a small country town, of say 15,000 people at most, and the surrounding country stretches for miles and miles without human habitation. Yet so keen is the pressure of land monopoly, that in the town itself, houses are jammed together and in many streets rows and rows of them are built on the terrace plan, simply packed together wall to wall and built flush with the footpath too, at that. Talk about Sydney slums—you don't have to go to Sydney for slums, you have them here in the midst of bush and sheep stations. The surrounding country, of course, is in the hands of a few wealthy magnates, and only a few little farmers exist on sufferance. It is rather a novelty to walk in five minutes from a slum tenement to a rabbit warren or a howling wilderness, but such are the ways of plutocracy. Of course, it is the working class, and not the landowners, who live in the tenements. This is a big railway centre, and the industrial activities of capitalism are manifested in pretty considerable railway workshops. These are filled with powerful locomotives, which, it is painful to relate, are run on Krupp wheels and with Schmidt super-heaters. One wonders how the shares of the Boersig-Tegel locomotive works must have risen skyward, since the Oriental express started running on the newly-conquered highway to Constantinople. The duplication of the railway line hereabouts, is being carried out, and may be an important factor in a general "speed-up" in this country. I see that Fat has just started running a train from Sydney to the Queensland border, which will take him there in three hours less than it used to, but dear old William Mug is still riding the brake-rods. I have sometimes heard Sydney comrades say that the city is about the only place where the activities of capitalism are manifested in truly modern style, but I think that even here one may see its fruits, for have we not quite an abundance of girl labor for our few odd factories.

Congratulations on your efforts to maintain the standard of the "International Socialist." Your last issue (December 4) was excellent. With the American Socialist Press and even that otherwise excellent organ the "International Socialist Review" adopting a partisan and Rives La Montesque view of certain master-class dealings, with which Socialism has nothing to do, and shilly shallying with certain fetishes of a debauched society, it is pleasing to find the "International Socialist," under far more trying circumstances, shining like a beacon light through the midnight murk of a howling storm of plutocratic piffle, democratic inanity, and blithering Chauvinistic balderdash.

A sample copy of this paper is an invitation to become a subscriber.

Australia Russianised.

HOW OUR LIBERTIES ARE BEING BLUDGEONED AWAY.

The capitalist class are linking up their chains of exploitation, greed, treachery, villainy, autocracy and guile.

We are supposed to be governed by our own government.

We are not!

Russia has come to Australia. The German bogey has been held up to us to dread. It would be a kind taskmaster compared to what threatens us from the hands of our plutocratic, slave-driving, governing class. They are prepared to stick at nothing.

To perpetuate the profit-making grip of the people, to maintain the sources and avenues of their ill-gotten gains, wrung from the flesh and blood of innocent suffering humanity, no crime is too base, no methods too low to stoop to, no club methods too outrageous with which to bludgeon the working class into subjection.

It is not for nothing that we are allied to a country like Russia. Russia, with its ancient barbarism, with its history of outrage, its Siberia, its political crimes, its torture chambers, its bastilles, its pictures of suffering men and women being driven over the icy snows and wastes into the interior, because they dared to speak of liberty.

I can hear the crack of the whip, the scream of agony as the tortured, quivering, flesh shrinks from the brutal blows of the fiendish Cossack.

The Allies have put their heads together, they must find the best ways of getting the most out of their innocent dupes, the people.

Russia has come forward with a fiendish grin, smirking, holding behind the back the leathern thong found so effective at home.

We are under military rule. Martial law is part openly, part secretly, the order of the day.

When profit finds that it wants fresh methods with which to maintain or make more gains, it sticks at nothing, it snatches away the crust from the hungry babe, is prepared to pierce the mother's breast, steal the mite of the orphans and slay, slaughter or betray the honest and industrious. The Allies are accepting Russian methods, the only thing that stays their hands completely is that some of them have to be applied openly. By underhand methods, they are straining and striving to introduce conscription. That would make their power complete, it would not be necessary then to ask the will of the people upon anything. If an order was not instantly obeyed, any person or persons could be flung into gaol, there to rot at the pleasure of the tyrants, no trial could be demanded, as the word of an officer would be all that was necessary, outweighing anything that a civilian could say, in fact, a civilian would have no voice.

Authority, plutocratic control, would become absolute, and a blow answer the cry of protest.

A living wage would become a thing of the past, and the old feudal system of masters and slaves once more obtain.

Here in the Commonwealth, a passport (significant of Russia) must be obtained by every person male, or female, desirous of leaving the Godforsaken country.

This, mark you, accompanied by two photographs, and in addition, a payment of 5/-. Then one is subject to the sweet will of the authorities.

German rule could not be worse, it would not be as bad.

The German nation looks after its people better than the Allies, as the government finds work for the unemployed.

I am not holding up Germany as a superior nation, but I am pointing out to what we are drifting under military control and censorship.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and the people's liberties are undoubtedly threatened in the present year.

To those who will fight for freedom, the time is here and no greater enemy exists in a foreign country than the profit-making vampires who at present control our destiny. There is no real patriotism in the whole make-up of their carcasses, and hypocrisy is the second nature of the species.

They are parasites batten upon honesty.

Criminals, foisting their unholy schemes upon the country.

They would sell virtue, damn honour, encourage vice, and strangle the last shreds of principle.

They hate Socialism, detest fairness, damn enterprise, foster villainy, and such scum are the real enemies of mankind, the menaces of prosperity, and it is time that labour realized it to make a real bid for freedom.

WYATT JONES.

A.S.P. News & Notes.

AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY.

Objective.—The social ownership with Democratic control of the means of Production, Distribution and Exchange.

Headquarters: 115 Goulburn St., Sydney.

LUKE JONES.

General Secretary.

CENTRAL EXECUTIVE.

At the meeting of the C.E. held on Saturday, Dec. 11, the action of Sydney Branch in calling upon its members who belong to the Rent Payers' Association to resign from that body or from the Party, was upheld. It was furthermore decided that all A.S.P. members belonging to the Rent Payers' Association must send a copy of their resignation to the General Secretary before Dec. 31, 1915, or be struck off the books of the Party.

The following Party Officers were declared elected unopposed:

Luke Jones, General Secretary.

W. R. Winspear, Treasurer.

E. Wagner, Trustee.

LUKE JONES.

Gen. Sec.

SYDNEY BRANCH.

A good meeting was held in the Domain by Luke Jones and Slade, J. McCormick taking the chair, and Wyatt Jones the literature. Several heroes in khaki got heated over the home thrusts of Luke Jones, seeming to be under the confused idea that Luke wished to prevent them getting killed. This, they resented emphatically. In the evening Mr. Miles, of the Rationalist Association, delivered an interesting address upon Religion, Rationalism, and the War. A good discussion and questions followed.

The street meetings were well attended. Comrades Slade, McCormick, Rennell and others doing good work.

HALL FIXTURES.

Monday.—Speakers' class; all invited.

Wednesday.—Social in aid of Club Library.

Thursday.—Branch Executive Meeting.

Friday.—Social Dance.

Sunday.—T. Barker lectures in the Hall on Recent Strikes in New Zealand.

Domain Fixtures.—Chair: Mrs. Lorimer. Highfield, Luke Jones.

Park-st.—Rosenthal, Highfield, Slade.

Liverpool-st.—J. McCormick, Wyatt Jones.

Ken. R. Leslie, Chairman.

W. E. J., Min. Sec.

NEWTOWN BRANCH.

Branch Rooms, 41 Enmore-road, Newtown.

Economic and Debating Class held every Wednesday night.

Dancing Class held every Monday night.

PROPAGANDA FIXTURES.

Saturday night: Newtown Bridge.

F. Hancock, J. Kilburn.

Sunday night: Newtown Bridge.

F. Hancock, J. Kilburn.

RAY EVERITT, Secretary.

BALMAIN.

The usual propaganda meeting was held here to-night, with Comrades Sloan and Nelson at the helm. The meeting went well from start to finish, many questions were asked and dealt with. Comrades, roll up and help Balmain in their fight for freedom.

GEORGE NELSON, Secretary.

MELBOURNE BRANCH.

On Sunday, December 5, a good meeting was held on the Bank. Chair: Comrade O'Shannessy.

The speakers were Wood and J. R. Wilson. Militarism was the subject dealt with by all three, and some pointed remarks (to put it mildly) were aimed at the system which an alleged Labor Government seeks to fasten on the working class of Australia. The made in Australia brand of military tyranny differs in no one particular from Prussian militarism, as both are antagonistic to the workers of the world and in the interests of the master class.

Comrade Hullbert took up the collection, and our literature secretary did his best to sell the "I.S." with the cold eye of various pimps upon him. Victoria's laws relating to Sunday trading are a reflection of the wowsership which grips this State with a clutching hand, but as the wage slaves put up with this state of affairs in a docile fashion, it is useless, perhaps, to protest against the present puritanical laws obtaining in this corner of the Commonwealth.

Literature sellers are wanted badly. All Socialists can do good work in this direction during the week in shops and factories. The wage slaves are waking up to their downtrodden condition, and those beginning to think are easily found during working hours from Monday to Saturday. Comrades, get the slaves on the job and in the bosses' time, the psychological mo-

ments to push propaganda, in the interests of your own class.

Sunday, December 19th, is the date fixed for the Unity Conference of the Chicago I.W.W., the S.L.P., and this branch, at our hall.

Saturday's dance on 4th inst., was the best for some time in point of attendance.

The economic class, on December 2nd, dealt with the class struggle, each speaker giving short addresses on this particular principle of Scientific Socialism. The chairman, Com. O'Shannessy, was gratified at the proof given that members of the class, in nearly all cases, had taken some trouble to study the question and therefore were qualified to voice their conclusions. It is hoped that some members of this activity will be prepared shortly to take the stump at outdoor meetings, or the chair at our Sunday lectures, and so relieve the few who are doing more than should be reasonably expected from them in this direction.

A lecture was given on Sunday evening, 5th inst., by Comrade J. R. Wilson. His subject bore the alliterative heading "Christians, Capitalists, and Cold Feet," and was based on the present popular excitement on the attitude of those wage slaves not hurrying into training for active service on the European slaughter fields. One, Boyd, M.H.R., has accused various individuals of having cold feet in regard to enlisting, and has glibed at them with the fervour of a politician and a patriot. J. R. Wilson's lecture was a brilliantly illuminating piece of research work into the reasons why some Victorian members of the local defence force are satisfied to draw fat salaries and let the lower grade wage slaves go forth in defence of the capitalists' material interests in this part of the Empire on which the sun never sets.

Some neatly-printed business cards for one or two of our members have been issued from the Party's printing press, also a lot of official stationery. Orders for this class of printing are invited from those who desire to help one of our best activities.

The branch report in the "I.S." of 4th inst., though signed J. R. Wilson, was not written by him, but by a member who volunteered to send one in prior to an official representative of the branch being elected. Mrs. J. Macdonald has been appointed to the position.

Our Russian comrades have donated 50 books to the library. These are in Russian, and will be appreciated greatly by those who have a knowledge of the language.

At the members' meeting on 7th inst., it was decided to have a seaside picnic on Boxing day, by which time we hope our unity scheme will be almost complete, so that members of the S.L.P. and Chicago I.W.W. may participate. In any case, an invitation will be sent these organisations, asking them to join forces in our picnic, and make it a co-operative function.

J.M., Press Corr.

DONATIONS TO PRESS BENEFIT.

Mrs. Reeves, pair d'oyleys, table centre and cosy cover; Press Committee, novelty sweets; Com. A., picture frames; Mr. Norton, table centre and d'oyleys; J. R., jewel caskets and fans; Com. Olsen, carved pipe rack; L.R., ladies handkerchiefs and d'oyleys; Friend, children's toys; J. L., cushion cover and three handkerchiefs; D. Phillips, Victoria, hand painted handkerchief sachet, wall pocket, two pin cushions and two book marks; Miss Williams, two tidies, one pin cushion, one silk handkerchief, one fancy mat and two table covers; Mrs. Lillie, two dozen paper umbrellas; Mrs. Gaffin, two jam sandwiches, plain cake, and fruit cake; Mrs. Ingle, tin biscuits, half dozen cups and saucers; Mrs. Voss, three children's under-vests; Mrs. Wagner, one jug cover, one ladies undershirt, one cushion cover; Mrs. Slade, eight school requisites, five rattles, one basket and nine brooches; Mrs. Duffield, one boy's coat; Mr. Morris, one dozen apples; Com. Winspear, one photo in frame; W. H., 2/-; U. F. Schaefer, 2/-; "E. S.", 3/6; P. Hutchinson, 2/6.

* J. LORIMER.

THANKS.

I wish to thank comrades and friends for the sum of £8, proceeds of benefit, held at A.S.P. Hall, on December 1.

G. LORIMER.

WAR COUNCIL CARDS.

To the Editor.

Dear Comrade:

The following resolution was carried unanimously at the last meeting of the Trades Hall Council, moved by F. Katz seconded by A. Jones:—

"That this Council recommend to the members belonging to Unions which are affiliated with the Trades Hall Council to ignore the Cards which the War Council have instructed to be sent out."

Yours fraternally,

F. KATZ.

362 St. Kilda Road, Melbourne.

AUBURN BRANCH.

The above branch meets every Monday night at comrade Jenkin's residence, Kurrah Road, Auburn.

Those who desire to join the branch and help in forwarding the Socialist cause should hand in their names to the branch secretary.

J. J. KEGG.

Books and Pamphlets on Sale and to Arrive.

Title.	a. d.
The Positive Outcome of Philosophy, also in same volume Letters on Logic and the Nature of Human Brain Work (Dietzgen)	4s.
Landmarks of Scientific Socialism (Anti-Duehring). Contains the most important portions of the larger work from which Socialism, Utopian and Scientific was taken (Engels)	4s.
The Physical Basis of Mind and Morals. Shows the origin of mind and the relation of economics to morals (Fitch)	4s.
Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History (Labriola)	4s.
Socialism and Philosophy. In the form of familiar letters (Labriola)	4s.
An Introduction to Sociology. A new and useful work for beginners, tracing the development of this new science, with estimates of the work of Comte, Spencer, Ward, Small, and other Sociologists (Lewis)	4s.
Critique of Political Economy. Explains the general theory of surplus value and discusses the currency question (Marx)	4s.
The Poverty of Philosophy. A reply to Proudhon (Marx)	4s.
Looking Forward: A Treatise on the Status Woman and the Origin and Growth of the Family and the State (Rappaport)	4s.
Marxian Economics, a popular introduction to the study of Marx (Untermann)	4s.
Principles of Scientific Socialism, a systematic and attractive statement of Socialist theories (Wells)	4s.
Woman and Socialism, the classic work on this subject, revised, enlarged, and newly translated (Bebel)	6s.
Ancient Society, the greatest and most revolutionary book on primitive man (Morgan)	6s.
Capital, Vol. 1, The Process of Capitalist Production (Marx)	8s.
Capital, Vol. 11, The Process of Circulation of Capital (Marx)	8s.
Capital, Vol. III, The Process of Capitalist Production as a Whole (Marx)	8s.
Introduction to Socialism. Excellent for beginners, 64 pages (Richardson)	3d.
Unionism and Socialism (Eugene V. Debs)	6d.
Industrial Socialism. Explains why the Socialist Party stands for economic as well as political action (Haywood and Bohn)	6d.
The Right to be Lazy (64 pages). (Lafargue)	6d.
Socialism, What It Is and What It Seeks to Accomplish. (Wilhelm) Liebknecht	6d.
No Compromise: No Political Trading Liebknecht's (Wilhelm)	6d.
Value, Price and Profit. Explains the vital things wage-workers need to know about economics, Cloth. (Marx)	6d.
The Socialists: Who They Are and What They Stand For (Spargo)	6d.
One Big Union: An explanation of the principles of Industrial Unionism, with Chart showing the grouping of the Industries (Trautmann)	6d.
The Positive School of Criminology. Three lectures explaining what crime really is (Ferri)	2s.
Justice and Goodness (Lafargue)	2s.
Evolution, Social and Organic. Lectures showing that Socialism is the logical outcome of modern science (Lewis)	2s.
The Militant Proletariat, a discussion of the American working-class and the Socialist Party (Lewis)	2s.
Memoirs of Karl Marx. Delightful personal recollections (Liebknecht)	2s.
The Theoretical System of Karl Marx. Best and complete work on Marx's theories, with replies to critics (Boudin)	4s.
Life, Writing and speeches of Eugene V. Debs. A large volume originally published at 8s., containing all of Debs' most important writings, with a life sketch by Stephen M. Reynolds and a preface by Mary U. Marcy (Debs). Cloth.	4s.
Philosophical Essays, including the Religion of Social Democracy, the Ethics of Social Democracy, Social Democratic Philosophy, etc. (Dietzgen)	4s.
Revolution and Counter-Revolution, or Germany in 1848. The story of a fight won by wage-workers; then lost by their middle-class allies (Marx)	2s.
The Communist Manifesto. First published in 1848, this is still the classic statement of Socialist Principles (Marx and Engels). Cloth, with Liebknecht's No Compromise	2s.
The World's Revolutions. A historical study of the great Revolutions; the chapter on Christianity is especially fine (Untermann)	2s.
Marx versus Tolstoy, Lewis and Darrow	2 0
Militant Proletariat, The, Austin Lewis	2 0
Origin of the Family, Frederick Engels	2 0
Puritanism, Clarence Melly	2 0
Russian Bastille, The, Simon O. Pollock	2 0
Science and Revolution, Ernest Untermann	2 0
Social and Philosophical Studies, Paul Lafargue	2 0

Printed and published by William Robert Winspear, at 115 Goulburn-St., Sydney, for the Sydney Branch of the Australasian Socialist Party.